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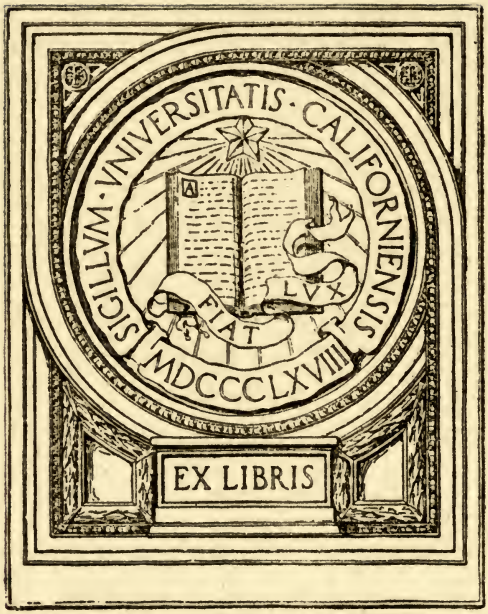
The Immigrants

by Percy MacKaye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THE IMMIGRANTS

WORKS BY PERCY MACKAYE

DRAMAS

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS. *A Comedy.*
JEANNE D'ARC. *A Tragedy.*
SAPPHO AND PHAON. *A Tragedy.*
FENRIS THE WOLF. *A Tragedy.*
A GARLAND TO SYLVIA. *A Dramatic Reverie.*
THE SCARECROW. *A Tragedy of the Ludicrous.*
YANKEE FANTASIES. *Five One-Act Plays.*
MATER. *An American Study in Comedy.*
ANTI-MATRIMONY. *A Satirical Comedy.*
TO-MORROW. *A Play in Three Acts.*
A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. *A Romance of the Orient.*
THE IMMIGRANTS. *A Lyric Drama.*

MASQUES

SANCTUARY. *A Bird Masque.*
SAINT LOUIS. *A Civic Masque.*

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THE IMMIGRANTS

A Lyric Drama

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

FREDERIC C. HOWE

Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island,
New York

NEW YORK
B. W. HUEBSCH
MCMXV

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To

FREDERICK S. CONVERSE

IN FELLOWSHIP

345198

INTRODUCTION

The rôle of the friendless immigrant who comes to our shores has been portrayed in statistics, congressional investigations, and sociological studies until we have almost come to look upon the immigrant as a commodity rather than as a human being. Mr. Percy MacKaye in his lyric drama "The Immigrants" has portrayed for us the incoming alien as a human being with elemental emotions, sympathies and tragedies like our own; presenting him first in his native land as the prey of greedy representatives of international business interests, and then as an incoming immigrant, moved — like our own ancestors — to cast in his lot with the land of freedom in the hope of better things.

Probably no other subject is so fraught with suffering and pathos, with hopes and disappointments, as the individual experiences of the million odd men, women and children who land on our shores each year. Each one is a human drama in himself, and each presents to the new world a

problem for our undertaking, no less than an opportunity for the new-born resident. And Mr. MacKaye has presented these two motives in a wonderfully dramatic lyric form, which — portrayed upon the stage — should awaken America to a realization of the necessity of a constructive programme for the protection, care and assimilation of its people from over the sea. And when we realize that there are thirteen million foreign-born in our midst and eighteen million more who are immediate descendants of the foreign born, we should recognize that here is a problem which should awaken statesmen, educators, and philanthropists to seek its solution, if we would keep the well-springs of American citizenship, American civilization, and American culture to their proper standards.

Mr. MacKaye has truthfully presented the industrial maelstrom into which the foreigner falls in the great cities, in the mines, the mills, the slaughter houses, and sweatshops, where he is exploited by reason of his ignorance and made in many instances to feel that America differs only in name from the countries from which he has fled.

The form chosen by Mr. MacKaye, the lyric

drama, is especially appropriate to present these problems to us. Our immigrants come, for the most part, from countries where the opera holds a high place in official thought and where it is intimately related to the lives of the people as one of their most familiar cultural agencies. In addition, the opera is expressive of the temperamental things which those from the south of Europe are contributing to our life. It seems to me very pertinent that he should have chosen this medium for the expression of the drama and the tragedies of the incoming alien.

This book is particularly welcome also in view of war conditions which have temporarily stopped immigration. For when the war is over, the widows, the fatherless children, the restless and discontented of other lands who seek an asylum in America will probably present to us an immigration problem different in kind and larger in its proportions than any with which we have heretofore been confronted.

This work, therefore, seems to me very timely in view of the human appeal which the termination of the European War is likely to make to America — the land which, for three centuries,

has been the home of the oppressed and the dispossessed of all lands.

FREDERIC C. HOWE.

Ellis Island,
New York Harbor,
July, 1915.

PREFACE

The present work was first conceived and written by me during the spring and early summer of 1912, since when the music for it has been composed and the orchestral score recently completed by Mr. Frederick S. Converse, the composer of two previously produced American operas * and of many symphonic pieces.

Designed originally for the use of the Boston Opera House, the stage production of "The Immigrants" has been affected, in common with many other operatic works, by the Great War.

Since, however, the message it seeks to express has been deemed by judges as authoritative as the New York Commissioner of Immigration to be timely, true and important, there has appeared to me, as to Mr. Converse, no reason why the publication of the text should be held back by the delay of its stage production. So, for whatever service it may help to render to the great problem of American immigration, as well as for whatever

* *The Pipe of Desire,* at the Metropolitan Opera House, and *The Sacrifice,* at the Boston Opera House.

pioneering it may help to accomplish in a new conception of the uses of opera in English, it is now put forth to the public.

That new conception for America to-day, I think, is this: that the uses of opera in English need not be confined to a mere rendering into English words of the imaginative concepts of foreign artists, nor to imaginative concepts which are themselves aloof from the passionate problems of our modern life, but that those uses ought to be extended ever more widely to increase the creative opportunities and the creative works of English-speaking artists of the theatre in expressing the realities of human passion and aspiration which cry out for expression now and here in our midst.

Because the traditions of the opera have been handed down to us from times and conditions wherein pure romance, or fairy fancy, or courtly intrigue, or symbolic mythology, or other themes of the past hold sway [conditions which for many artists have conduced to stamp opera as a bastard art-form], that is no reason why those traditions should be held unalterable.

Those same traditions, inherited from a monarchical régime, held true for centuries of another lyric-dramatic form — the Masque, yet

to-day in America the Masque — rendered plastic to the demands of democratic realities — is beginning to be developed, through the collaboration of musical composers, dramatists and producers, into a new instrument of community drama prophetic in magnitude.

In this happily experimental field of masque and pageantry, F. S. Converse, Walter Damrosch, Arthur Farwell, Daniel Gregory Mason, Chalmers Clifton and other American composers have already created works which hold place in the programmes of symphony concert halls and choral societies. For at least a decade the composers and grove-drama makers of the San Francisco Bohemian Club redwood festivals have cultivated with distinguished success an indigenous form of the Masque.

In such present day developments of the theatre's art, it has been my privilege to be associated as dramatist with Mr. Converse as composer in works involving three distinctive forms of dramatic expression * — verse play, masque and opera. In

* For my play *Jeanne d'Arc,* Mr. Converse composed the instrumental music; for my Bird Masque *Sanctuary* and Civic Masque *Saint Louis,* the lyrics, dances and choruses; for *The Immigrants* and for another opera [as yet unpublished], all the music.

each of these forms the dramatic structure and the uses of English speech in verse have presented problems, differing in each, and always new.

One point common to all, and too often forgotten by readers of their published texts, is important to emphasize. The dramatic structure and the uses of words which result in these distinctive art-forms of drama are conditioned not by publication, but by production. They have nothing to do with readers as such. To readers who are unaware of the conditions of their production, the forms of such works may readily — and often are — misunderstood and wrongly imagined. Yet since so large a proportion of readers form the constituency of theatre audiences, the right reading of dramatic works is a readily acquirable knowledge and is rapidly increasing. Of the forms above mentioned, plays are doubtless the most understandingly and widely read; masques are probably the least so. As for operas, since they are works nearly always familiarized through their production, this passing reference to the conditioning factors of dramatic craftsmanship may be pertinent to the reader of this work. The subject, though it can only be alluded to here, is a pregnant one in its bearing upon the creative

output and critical valuation of all dramatic works.

As to the present day message of "The Immigrants" the work itself must speak, not my preface. In his introduction Commissioner Howe has made his own comments, and of those I have only to say this: that I shall be deeply glad and proud if this work of mine shall be able to contribute even a little toward that great service of international democracy, to which Mr. Howe has contributed such wisely informed insight, virile sympathy and courage, as master of that little isle which is the great door-stone of America's destiny.

PERCY MACKAYE.

Cornish, N. H.,
July, 1915.

CHARACTERS

GIOVANNI, *an Italian peasant*

NOEL, *an American artist*

SCAMMON, *an American agent*

SANDRO, *a vineyard worker*

GIUSEPPE, *a young peasant*

MARIA, *Sandro's daughter*

LISETTA, *her younger sister*

Peasants, Shopmen, Soldiers, Citizens, Police, etc.

SCENES

Act I

Italy: The public square of a small town in the vineyard country: A morning in early April.

Act II

New York Harbor: The steerage deck of an ocean steamship: At dawn, in early May.

Act III

An alley in the slums of New York: A night in August.

TIME

The twentieth century.

THE IMMIGRANTS

ACT FIRST

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

ACT FIRST

The scene is the public square of a small hill-town in Italy. The season is April, radiant with the bloom of Italian springtime. Near the left middleground, orange and almond trees spread their flowering boughs above a fountain. Here is sculptured a Mermaid at play with a young Triton, who spouts bright water high from his shell in showers. Behind these, against glimpses of surrounding vineyards, stands a closed iron gate, in front of a stone corridor, leading to a stone building with narrow barred windows. On the left, broad stone steps lead to the wall and doorway of a church, time-worn, of yellow stucco. On the right, in the foreground, is a wineshop, between which and the prison gate stands the entrance to a huge tent of many-colored canvas, closed with bright flaps.

When the scene opens, the square is alive with Italian folk of many types and ages. Evidently a local festa is in progress. Near the fountain, young peasants in bright costumes are dancing to a guitar, thrummed by SANDRO, *a big, jovial, ruddy-*

faced fellow, middle-aged. By the shop, men are drinking at outdoor tables. Against the church wall old folks are drowsing in the sun. On the top step, NOEL, *at an easel, is sketching some object within the church. Among the crowd grinning boys run about, mischief-making. A small procession of priests enters the church.*

Carabinieri, in vivid uniforms and military cloaks, strut officiously among the people. The crowd, gathered near the fountain, are clapping and shouting at the dancers.

SANDRO

[*Waving to them gayly, thrums and sings:*]

O Rosella, Giovanniello,
Come away to San Quentino!
He is dancing down from heaven
Where his laughing angels are:
San Quentino he's a good fellow
When he twangs his sweet guitar!

[*From near the tables, the Wineshop-Keeper, to whom one of the Officers has been showing a document, points at* SANDRO *and calls out:*]

THE WINESHOP-KEEPER

Heigh, Sandro!

[*The dance goes on, amid noise and laughter.*]

Heigh! — You old ripe olive!

SANDRO

Who — me?

THE CROWD

[*Jeering good-humoredly*]

You, you!

THE WINESHOP-KEEPER

[*Beckoning*]

Heigh — here!

SANDRO

[*Holding his guitar toward a young fellow, who is dancing with a lovely slip of a girl*]

Play, 'Seppe!

GIUSEPPE

Me leave Lisett'? — Pooh, Papa!

[*He kisses her.*]

THE CROWD

[*Laughing*]

Papa!

Ha-ha! Lisetta —'Seppe!

SANDRO

[*Shoving his guitar into the hands of another young fellow*]

You, then!

[*He makes off toward the Wineshop-Keeper and the Officer.*]

A PRIEST

[*From the church steps*]

San Quentino — pray to him.

NOEL

[*From his easel, gazes into the church*]

How beautiful she prays there on her knees —
A woman's form, but in her face a child!

[*He goes on painting.*

A contadino, with a hamper strapped to his back, is stopped by two soldiers. They make him unstrap the hamper, open it, and reveal bottles of wine.]

THE FIRST SOLDIER

Your license!

[*The peasant stares in fright, searches in his coat and brings forth a paper, which the soldiers take and examine, winking at each other.*]

THE WINESHOP-KEEPER

[*To* SANDRO, *indicating the Officer*]

Says your tax is due.

SANDRO

[*To the Officer, with quaint appeal*]

Eh! — But to-day is festa.— Grace!

THE OFFICER

[*Rapping his document*]

To-day your money: forty lire.

SANDRO

Now — forty lire! Do I look
Like Solomon in all his glory?
I pay you ten — to-morrow!

THE OFFICER

Forty,

To-day!

SANDRO

[*Turning his pockets inside out, empties forth a big nut.*]

A chestnut — see!

SERGEANT

No money?

So! —

[*To the Wineshop-Keeper*]

He must serve his time in prison.

[*He claps his hand for a soldier, who approaches.*]

SANDRO

Jesu! — Like poor Giovanni! Prison!
Eh, no, no, no!

[*The Officer points out* SANDRO *to the soldier, and waves toward the prison. The soldier seizes* SANDRO *by the arm.* SANDRO *cries out:*]

Lisetta! 'Seppe!
Prison!

[*The dancing stops in tumult. The two young people rush toward him.*]

LISETTA

[*Screaming and pulling* GIUSEPPE *with her*]

Ah, Papa Sandro!

SANDRO

Prison!
They put me there with poor Giovanni!
Prison — for forty lire!

SERGEANT

[*Motioning to several soldiers, who stop the people*]

Silence!

[*To the soldiers, who lead* SANDRO *toward the prison*]

March!

[*The people follow, hissing and groaning. The soldiers menace them, and they fall back.*]

GIUSEPPE

Shame! They're tyrants!

LISETTA

[*Wildly*]

'Seppe, save him!

[*A small boy, from among the crowd, squirts water in a syringe, hitting the soldier beside* SANDRO. *The boy is instantly seized from behind by another soldier.*]

THE SECOND SOLDIER

Ha! You, too, Punchinello!

[*The boy is pulled along, struggling and yelling. Near the prison door,* NOEL —

who has left his easel — stands in the path of SANDRO *and the soldiers, who pause. The Second Soldier accosts him:*]

Who
Are you?

NOEL

American.—

[*Handing him some small bills*]

Here's forty lire.

THE SOLDIER

What for?

NOEL

His tax.

[*Quietly putting more money in the hands of each of the soldiers*]

There's drinks for two.

[*Seizing the small boy by the ear*]

Rapscallion, here! You want a spanking.

[*Boxing him*]

Don't squirt at scarlet uniforms.
Skedaddle, now!

[*He releases the boy among the crowd, who cheer. The soldiers, grinning, salute, and walk away to the wineshop.*]

SANDRO

[*While* LISETTA *and* GIUSEPPE *embrace him, turns gratefully to* NOEL.]

Ah, good signore!

LISETTA

Gentle signore!

[*They try to kiss* NOEL'S *hand. He evades them.*

Meanwhile the soldiers by the peasant with the hamper have helped themselves to his case of wine. One of them now lugs it off, laughing, while the other turns to the peasant and tears up his license-paper, before his scared face.]

THE SOLDIER

Confiscated!
Your license now is void.— Move on!

[*The peasant retreats forlornly among the commiserating bystanders. The soldier rejoins his companion gayly.*]

SANDRO

[*To* NOEL]

Signore, forty lire! God
Be good to you! I pay you back.

NOEL

[*Retreating to his easel*]

Oh, when you like; I sold a sketch
This morning; so you're welcome.

LISETTA

[*With awe to* GIUSEPPE]

'Seppe,
How rich and grand!

GIUSEPPE

You silly! — All
Americans are made of gold!

[*He points toward the tent, where a shrewd, jocular-faced man has come out through the flap, and stands looking on — an image stuck in his hat.*]

That fellow there — he told me so.

LISETTA

Who's he?

GIUSEPPE

Oh, he's a mighty fellow.
He too comes from America.
He tells you wonders, sells you tickets,

And shows you maps and moving pictures
Of monstrous ships and lovely ladies
And houses half a mile high — all
The marvels in America!

LISETTA

[*Drawing away*]

I like the other one the best.

[*Coming close to* NOEL, *she stares at him.*]

Perhaps he is some prince disguised.

NOEL

[*Smiling*]

The prince of paint-rags! — A poor artist,
My dear.

[*Pointing with a brush at his canvas on the easel.*]

You see!

LISETTA

[*Looks and exclaims*]

Maria! — Look,
Papa! 'Tis sister! Look: She's kneeling —
Maria!

SANDRO

[*Gazing, with* GIUSEPPE, *at the canvas*]

Eh, Maria! 'Tis
Thy sister.— Eh!

NOEL

[*To* SANDRO]

Your daughter? I
Am sketching her. She's praying — yonder.

SANDRO

Aye, she is praying for Giovanni.
Last month they put him there in prison
For debt. Giovanni could not pay
The tax — so he must serve his time
In there.

NOEL

For long?

SANDRO

[*Shrugging*]

Who knows? Maria
She loves Giovanni. Since so high
They work together in the vineyards.
Some day they marry.— Come, signore,
I take you to her.

[SANDRO *goes into the church. As* NOEL *is following, he is intercepted by the man with the image in his hat.*]

THE MAN

[*Extending his hand*]

Howdy!

[NOEL *bows slightly and steps back.*]

Glad
To greet a fellow countryman
So far from home.— Forgot me?

NOEL

No.
You're Scammon — scallywag at large,
The marvelous motion-picture man:
Commission agent, on the quiet,
To cram the steerage cabins full
Of souls — at thirty dollars up.

SCAMMON

And cheap, say I, for emigrants;
Food, drink and sleep, three thousand miles
To share the land of liberty.

[*He takes off his hat and looks at the image — a little statue of liberty — scratching his head with a laugh.*]

NOEL

To share the land! — And what of those
Who seek our shores of liberty
To slave in mines and starve in slums? —
You mock my country with your hat.

[*He starts to pass by.* SCAMMON *stops him.*]

SCAMMON

Hold on a second! So it seems
You paint —

[*Wags his head toward the church.*]

a pretty girl in there!

NOEL

What's that to you?

SCAMMON

I say the girl
Is pretty: — *I* say! See?

NOEL

[*Looks him over with quiet contempt.*]

I see!

[NOEL *moves quickly past into the church.* SCAMMON *looks after him with an unpleasant smile; then turns to the easel and stares hard at the canvas. By the*

margin of the fountain, where the Triton and Mermaid are half hidden in spray, LISETTA *twitches* GIUSEPPE'S *arm, merrily.*]

LISETTA

Come, play — like them!

GIUSEPPE

What shall we play?

LISETTA

I'll be the Mermaid, you be Triton!

[*They dodge about the fountain, splashing water at each other,* GIUSEPPE *chasing* LISETTA, *in laughter. From the easel* SCAMMON *takes up* NOEL'S *painting, puts it furtively under his coat and glances into the church.*]

SCAMMON

A pretty girl, I say,— Maria!

[*He makes off and disappears around the church corner, with the half-concealed canvas.*]

GIUSEPPE

[*Having caught* LISETTA *in their play.*]

Lisett', look here. I'll show you something:
A secret!

[*He stoops under the fountain ledge and rummages there*]

LISETTA
[*Eagerly*]
Oh! What can it be?

GIUSEPPE
[*Rising and holding something behind him*]
I made it for you.— Guess!

LISETTA
I can't!
Please show it, quick!

GIUSEPPE
[*Smiling*]
First pay your fine!

LISETTA
[*Kissing him quickly with a laugh*]
Now, then!
[*He holds up a little wooden boat with sails.*]
O, beautiful! — A boat!
And can it sail?

GIUSEPPE

Of course! See there!

[*He puts it on the water where it floats.* LISETTA *claps her hands.*]

Lisett'! Let's go aboard of her
And run away to sea together.

LISETTA

[*Pulling a flower from a bough*]

All right, this almond-flower — that's you,
Giuseppe.

GIUSEPPE

[*Picking a blossom from another tree*]

Here, that's you, Lisett'—
The orange blossom. All aboard!

LISETTA

Don't push her, 'Seppe! — Blow!

[*Puffing their cheeks, they blow the sails of the little boat, which moves over the rippling fountain. Then, while* GIUSEPPE *makes waves with his hands to propel it,* LISETTA *pauses and watches the boat with delight.*]

See, see!

O see! Where shall we sail her?

GIUSEPPE

Round
And round the world to America!

LISETTA

America! — That's fine! — Aha!

[*Slowly circling the fountain, the two young lovers fan and blow the toy ship over the rippling water, keeping her close to the outer rim, as they follow, singing:*]

GIUSEPPE

A ship, a ship a-sailing!
It's over the sea she'll carry us;
Over the sea a-trailing
By moon and tide,
My own, my bride,
We'll marry us!

Blow! Blow!
I'll be her Triton!

LISETTA

Sail! Sail!
I'll be her Mermaid!

BOTH

Into the west and waning day
We'll sail to the wonderland far away.

[*While they sing, many of the peasant folk gather about and watch.*]

LISETTA

A ship, a ship a-sailing!
Good-by, old cares would bury us!
Good-by, old ache and ailing!
To fortunes fair
To fortunes fair
She'll ferry us.

Sail! Sail!
I'll be her Mermaid!

GIUSEPPE

Blow! Blow!
I'll be her Triton!

BOTH

Out of our prison of poverty
We'll sail to the fairyland of the free!

[*In the midst of their singing, a young peasant girl — of sturdy beauty and glowing intensity of expression — comes out of the church. Accompanied by* SANDRO *and* NOEL, *she stands on the steps. She looks eagerly toward the prison and searches with her eyes among the crowd.*

Seeing her, LISETTA *motions silence to* GIUSEPPE *and points.*]

LISETTA

Maria! — Hush!

GIUSEPPE

[*To the people*]

Be still!

MARIA

[*Calling*]

Giovanni!

[*The crowd murmurs and draws back, looking at her. She calls again, with poignant cry:*]

Giovanni! —

Ah no, he has not come!

SANDRO

Pho! Patience, child!

'Tis patience ripens the plum-tree.

NOEL

He will come.

MARIA

No, no, they keep him from me! I have prayed
To all the holy twelve apostles.— None
Will hear me. My Giovanni will not come.

[*She sinks down on the step and weeps.* SANDRO, LISETTA, *and* GIUSEPPE *gather round her, consoling.*]

SANDRO

Why, hoighty-toighty, don't thee fret. The birds
Be singing. Hark!

LISETTA

Mari', I'll tell thee tidings!

GIUSEPPE

[*Pointing to* NOEL]

Him, yonder! [*To* SANDRO] Has she heard?

LISETTA

American —
The good signore! He saved our Papa Sandro!

GIUSEPPE

He'll save Giovanni, sure!

LISETTA

Paid forty lire!

SANDRO

Our taxes — every soldo paid! And see,
He's made thy picture!

[*Turning to* NOEL]

May she look, signore,
To see herself you've painted?

NOEL

Ah, the sketch:
Of course!

LISETTA

Come, see!

[SANDRO, GIUSEPPE *and* LISETTA *go with* NOEL *toward the easel*; MARIA *remains sitting, dumb and disconsolate.*]

NOEL

[*Pauses, looking for the painting.*]

It's gone! — I left it here.

SANDRO

Aye, here it lay.

LISETTA

Oh, is it lost?

NOEL

Or stolen!

[*Trying to remember*]

Unless I left it yonder in the church.—
I'll see.

[*He goes into the church.*]

SANDRO

'Twas here, Lisett'! A wonder, too!
As like Mari' as my two thumbs be twins.

GIUSEPPE

And kneeling down she was, all lovely.

LISETTA

Look
How sad she's sitting; hears no word we say.

SANDRO

'Tis pity she be so.— What's that a-coming?

GIUSEPPE

Heigh, there's the motion-picture man! Come on,
And see the show.

LISETTA

[*Glancing back*]
But, poor Maria!

GIUSEPPE

[*Pulling her and* SANDRO]
Come!
The tent is open! Soon the show'll begin!

[*From behind the church there enters a parade of donkeys, with gay caparisons and tinkling bells; the final ones draw a*

float on which is standing an image of the Statue of Liberty. On the base is inscribed AMERICA. *Each donkey is laden with colored hand-bills, which boys in costume, who lead the animals, scatter among the rabble who follow, staring and pointing. With the parade enters* SCAMMON, *waving to the people an enormous hat, with gay ribbons.*]

THE CROWD

[*Braying as they march*]

Hee, haw, han!
Hee, haw, han!
March with the motion-picture man.

SCAMMON

Motion pictures! See the motion
Pictures fresh from across the ocean!
Free to all,
Big and small!
Boys and girls, don't miss the show.
Every pretty girl cries: *Oh!*
Every fellow answers: *Ah!*
Marry me in America!

[*The crowd shouts and repeats the refrain.*]

Motion pictures! See the motion
Pictures! Come and get a notion
What they be!
Come in free.
Try your peep, and if it's pat
Toss your penny in the hat.
Take your turn, and tell your Pa:
Carry me to America!

[SCAMMON *leads the way into the tent, the parade of donkeys with the float passing outside behind it. The crowd follow him, pushing one another as they pass inside, braying:*]

THE CROWD
Hee, haw, han!
Hee, haw, han!
March with the motion-picture man!

LISETTA
[*Gazing back*]
Let's bring Maria.

GIUSEPPE
[*Urging her in with* SANDRO]
Hurry! Get a place!

[*The people have passed within. The*

tent flap is closed. On the church step MARIA *is left alone. Longingly she looks toward the prison; then turns to a shrine of the Virgin, that peers down on her from the church-wall. Crossing herself, she gazes up at the image.*]

MARIA

Maria! Mother-maid! Be good to me,
Thy maid, Maria, named thy holy name!
And for the saint, who was thy dear Son's friend,
Be good to my Giovanni — named for him!
Giovanni lies in prison. He is poor.
Long time he worked to earn a little land;
The crop was small, he could not pay the tax;
And so they put him in the dark. But now,
The almonds all are blossomed, and the birds
Are nesting in the olives, and the folk
Make festa, and the fountain laughs out loud
And flings the flying rainbows on the air,
And oh, my heart it calls: " Giovanni, come!
Come to the vineyard, where we were so glad,
And labored in the warm earth, side by side!
Come, my Giovanni! " But he cannot hear,
He cannot hear me crying through the walls.
Giovanni lies in prison! Pity us!
Maria, maid and mother,— set him free!

[*While she has made her prayer,* NOEL *has come out of the church and stood, nearby, watching her. Now gradually her eyes are drawn by* NOEL'S *gaze. Slowly she rises and speaks wonderingly.*]

Who *are* you?

NOEL

I am Noel, and your friend.

MARIA

You spoke to me, signore?

NOEL

No.

MARIA

I thought
You asked me something.

NOEL

It was so, my child.

MARIA

What did you ask me?

NOEL

[*Simply*]

Will you take my hand?

MARIA

Your hand?

[*Takes it confidently.*]

NOEL

And will you trust me?

MARIA

You are kind.
Why do you take my hand and smile at me?

NOEL

Because you are so beautiful, dear child.

[*As she draws slightly back*]

Don't be afraid.—

[*Pointing up at the image*]

She listened to your prayer.

MARIA

How do you know?

NOEL

I heard her praying too.

MARIA

The Virgin! For Giovanni?

NOEL

For all souls
In prison, and all simple hearts in pain.
She heard your prayer.

MARIA

[*Drawing away*]

Where is Giovanni, then?
Where does he come?

[*She looks about in growing wildness.*]

You see!

NOEL

A little while
Patience!

MARIA

Ha, patience, so they tell me — all!
Patience — to-morrow! Next day and next day
Patience! They fool me. But I know the plan!
I will do something *bad,* and break the law.
Then they will put me too in prison there
With my Giovanni.

NOEL

No —

MARIA

Yes! he was good;

He did no wrong thing; he was only poor.
But I — you see — I will do something bad,
To go to him. So I will fool them. See!

[*With a sudden gesture she seizes* NOEL'S *gold watch chain, and tears it away with the watch. Then she rushes to the gate of the prison and pulls the bell.*]

Open! Come out!

NOEL

Maria, child! Take care!

MARIA

[*Beating on the gate*]

Open! A prisoner!

A GUARD

[*Appearing behind the bars*]

Here! What's the row?

MARIA

Look — these are gold! I stole them. Open the gate!

NOEL

[*Approaching*]

Absurd!

[*The Guard comes out. Maria takes hold of him pleadingly.*]

MARIA

Take me in there with you!

THE GUARD

[*Putting an arm about her*]

My bird,
At dark I'll meet you by the fountain.

[*He is about to kiss her. She strikes him in the face with the chain.*]

MARIA

So!
Put me in prison now!

THE GUARD

[*Clapping one hand to his face, knocks her angrily to the ground.*]

Don't be a fool!

[NOEL *springs forward and lifts her. From the tent,* SCAMMON *looks forth through the flap.* NOEL *confronts the Guard and takes from his pocket an envelope.*]

NOEL

The Warden of the Prison — Show me in.

THE GUARD

[*With surliness*]

What's that? You want admittance here?

NOEL

I bring

This letter from the American Consul.

THE GUARD

Oh!

[*Glancing at the letter, the Guard allows* NOEL *to pass inside, then follows, shoving back* MARIA *and shutting the gate.*]

This way, signore; the Warden is within.

MARIA

[*With a passionate cry*]

Take *me!* — Signor' Noel!

NOEL

Be good and wait.

[NOEL *disappears inside with the Guard.* MARIA *clings to the bars of the gate and shakes it.*]

MARIA

Giovanni! Giovanni! Giovanni! Oh, dear God!

[*She turns away and, flinging herself*

upon a seat by one of the tables, buries her face in her arms. SCAMMON *approaches and leans over the table.*]

SCAMMON

Excuse me! Have you seen the show?

[MARIA *lifts her head and looks toward him, dazed.*]

A moving spectacle, I call it!
A hot time for a two-cent town
And quite some circus! Will you see it?

MARIA

What do you say?

SCAMMON

[*Seating himself opposite her at the table*]

I say — Cheer up!
They're rotten here. That prison guard
He's rotten; and they treat you rotten
Because you're poor and down-and-out.

MARIA

What do you mean?

SCAMMON

I mean, my dear,
The world is rotten — but it's round!

[*He picks up an orange from the table.*]

Round, see? — And so it's got two halves.

[*He cuts the orange in two.*]

One half is rotten, and one — ain't!
This rotten half, that's Italy;
This ripe one, that's America!
Cheer up, then: Leave the rotten — Chuck it!
The ripe and juicy — grab and suck it!

[*Tossing away one half of the orange, he offers the other half to her; then sucks it himself, with a laugh.*
MARIA *rises and turns to leave.*]

Don't go! A little juice of grape!
That's better, eh? Some wine!

MARIA

To-day
I make no festa, sir; and you
Are stranger.

SCAMMON

Me! Ain't you Maria?

MARIA

[*Turning, astonished*]

Mari'!

SCAMMON

And my good friend, Giovanni,
In prison there — poor Johnny!

MARIA

[*Eagerly*]

Ah!
You know Giovanni?

SCAMMON

Do I know him!
Sit down again; I'll tip you something.

[MARIA *sits again opposite* SCAMMON.]

One day in spring, I saw you first
Down in the vineyards. *He* was there,
Grubbing the ground about the grape-vines.

MARIA

Giovanni!

SCAMMON

So I stopped to chin
With him, and chuck an eye at you.—
Right in a sun-patch you were bending
To tie a trellis, when your hair
Tangled a trailing vine and spilled
All bright, like pouring Chianti, down
To your bare ankles, and your eyes

Laughed up like beads in bright Spumanti.—
You don't remember, ah?

MARIA

No, no.
But, him, Giovanni — you are friends?

SCAMMON

My dear, I never had a brother;
But if I had, I'd swap him double
For your Giovanni — just to win
So pretty a sister as Maria.

MARIA

And you will save him? You can help
To get him out of prison?

SCAMMON

Sure!
And when he's out, I'll help you more!
Look here! I've brought you in my pocket
A pretty fortune for your dowry.—

MARIA

[*Eagerly, as he takes something from his pocket.*]
What is it?

SCAMMON

America! — It's yours!
[*He hands her two strips of paper.*]

MARIA

But what are these?

SCAMMON

Your steamboat passage
From Naples pier to New York harbor.

MARIA

America! — And these for me?

SCAMMON

One for yourself — one for Giovanni!

MARIA

But, sir, we cannot buy them — we
Are poor.

SCAMMON

Pish! Not a cent to pay.
I have a pull — it's my profession —
And lots of big folks are behind me.
So rest your heart, my dear. Remember,
I've hooked Giovanni for my brother,
So you must be my little sister;
And we will sail away together,
All three, and leave this rotten country!

MARIA

I do not know if he would leave it.—
But, sir, how can we pay you, thank you?

[*At the prison gate* NOEL *appears, and comes slowly out, unobserved.*]

SCAMMON

My pretty sister kid, Maria,
Don't thank me thank-you's! Only maybe,
If I should ask a little favor,
Perhaps you'd favor me?

MARIA

Whatever
I can, with all my heart, and gladly!

SCAMMON

[*Rises with an easy-going bow.*]

Excuse me! Have you seen the show?
A lively little joint of mine:
A keep-it-up, kaleidoscopic
Palace of pictures on the flit
Of now-you-watch-'em, now-you-wink-'em,
And now-you-think-'em masterpieces!
In short, as I observed before —
Excuse me! Have you seen the show?

MARIA

Not yet, I thank you.

SCAMMON

I'm in luck then!

Permit me, I've reserved two places.
Just take my arm, and I'll —

NOEL
[*Coming forward*]

Beg pardon!
I also have not seen the show.

MARIA
[*Starting forward*]

Signor' Noel! —

SCAMMON
[*Starting back*]

Signor' the Devil!

MARIA

What tidings?

NOEL

Hark, and you will hear!

THE VOICE OF GIOVANNI
[*Calls from within the prison.*]

Maria!

MARIA
[*Starting toward the gate*]

Ah! Giovanni!

NOEL

[*Looking keenly at* SCAMMON, *motions toward the tent.*]

I will take
That second place, reserved.

SCAMMON

[*With a flourish*]

You do me honor!

[*Together they enter the tent, and disappear.* GIOVANNI, *haggard and pale, appears in the corridor behind the bars, and hastens forth through the open gate, which the* GUARD *closes behind him, reentering then the prison.*]

GIOVANNI

Maria! — Art thou here?

MARIA

[*Rushing to him wildly*]

Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

Here,
Here in my arms! The bars are broken.— No!
I am not dreaming now.

MARIA

My darling — free!

[*They weep and laugh as they embrace.*]

It was the sweet Madonna heard my prayer.

GIOVANNI

[*Gazing up as at some form above him*]

It was the great Madonna of my dream.

MARIA

[*Anxiously, scanning his face*]

Giovanni, thou art ill?

GIOVANNI

[*Turning to her*]

Maria mine,

Thou art grown pale!

MARIA

Ah, my poor boy, to put

My own in prison!

[*Fiercely*]

Let them burn in hell,

The devils! — Dear, we shall be happy now.

GIOVANNI

Ah, thou and the sweet air — both in my arms!

And the world one great room, and the blue walls

Upstanding to the sun! O my Mari',

April, and out-of-doors, and home once more
To thee!

MARIA

Once more the happy times! And we
Will sing together the dear April song
At home once more, in the old out-of-doors.
Remember? Listen!

[*Glancing up, she points into the blossoms of the almond tree above the fountain.*]

Him! — That little bird
Remembers: *April!* Hear him!

GIOVANNI

[*Laughing for joy*]

April! April!

[*They sing together.*]

GIOVANNI AND MARIA

Out-of-doors, dear Out-of-doors,
April keeps your house!
April sweeps your cowslip floors
With her whirring grouse;
Brings, to brush your rafter,
Eagle-wings, and after —
Little larks to chant your praise
And sprinkle dews on holy days.

April! April! Out-of-doors!
Open: let us in!
We will keep your cowslip floors
Clean as Capuchin.
Out of sin and sorrow,
Let us bid good-morrow,
Share your house, and sing your praise
And sprinkle dews on holy days!

[*Repeating the refrain,* GIOVANNI *breaks suddenly off with a sharp sob and throws himself on the bench.*]

GIOVANNI

No, no! Not now! Not now!

MARIA

[*Going to him*]

Giovanni mine!

GIOVANNI

No more like the old times! Him, him up there —
He can sing "April," ah, but I no more!

MARIA

But thou art free.

GIOVANNI
[*Bitterly*]
Free, O Maria!

MARIA
[*Consolingly*]
Now
We are together.

GIOVANNI
Yes, I take thy hands,
I touch thy face, I hold thee to me,— ha,
But not in here — not here!
[*Beating his heart*]
Still, still, the bars
They break my heart! They close me, all alive,
In a cold cage, a coffin! Am I free —
A jail-bird? Can a jail-bird sing of joy
And April, like that happy heart with wings?
Thee — can I wed thee, sweetheart, in a cage?

MARIA
Why, now 'tis open.

GIOVANNI
[*Pointing toward the iron gate*]
No! They clipt my wings
In there! They put me in a prison coat

And painted me with shame. And now — and now
Wherever I shall go, the crowd will point
And cry! *See, see! The jail-bird! Hear him sing!*
Ha, ha, his painted feathers! See him hop!
Hoho! his head is stuck between two bars! —
My God! My God!

MARIA

Giovanni, come away!
Forget the dark cage. Leave it behind us! Come!

GIOVANNI

Where can we go?

MARIA

Back to the vineyards — home!

GIOVANNI

Home! And once more the taxes, and once more
No hope to pay! Work, but no wage to live,
To marry! Hark, Mari': Behind those walls,
I walked, and walked: Always I said two words
Over and over, awake — asleep, two words:
Liberty — opportunity! Sometimes
I sang them loud, like when the soldiers march

By two and two: *Liberty! Liberty!* Loud
Like trumpets calling: *Opportunity!*

MARIA

[*With a rapt look, sinking beside him*]
Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

Then they struck me with their guns:
Silence! they growled, and laughed at me for mad.
But in the lonely silence and the dark,
I dreamed of *her* — I dreamed, and from the dark
She came!

MARIA

[*With awe*]
Who came, Giovanni?

GIOVANNI

The great Virgin:
Maiden and mighty mother — pitiful
Madonna of the poor! My prison walls
Were mist, and all the floor like ocean fog,
And thou and I were kneeling in the night,
And millions more with burdens on their backs
Were huddled round us there. But soon the dark
Burst, and a mighty hand came through the mist,
Holding a torch, where swarming bees of fire
Blazed gold with morning! Then her limbs

Rose through the light and stood on the blue waves,
And round her head sharp rays shot out like thorns,
And on her brow was burning *Liberty.*

MARIA

[*Rising eagerly*]

Liberty! And she stood on the blue waves!
Yes, yes, the dream was true. We will go forth
And find her, thou and I together, far
Across the world. Look here! These, these are ours,
To make our voyage together.

[*She shows him the tickets. He looks at them, bewildered.*]

GIOVANNI

What are those?

MARIA

[*With excitement*]

Our passage to America. You see!

GIOVANNI

[*Pensively*]

America! Many, who dream, go there!
Some, they come back; the most, they come no more.

[*Looks about him yearningly.*]
Mari', our Italy is beautiful!

MARIA

Ah, beautiful and bad! See my poor boy
So worn and pale. What chance is here — the prison,
Taxes and soldiers! — We are poor.

GIOVANNI

I know;
God gives no fatherland to poverty.
Ah, but to have a little, just enough
For thee and me, Maria!

MARIA

[*Shows the tickets again with a smile.*]
Here's enough!

GIOVANNI

How came those here?

MARIA

A good American
Gave them, a friend of thine.

GIOVANNI

American!
His name?

MARIA

I do not know. 'Tis there he went
Yonder,— see, now, where 'Seppe and Lisett'
They're coming out.

LISETTA

[*With excitement to* GIUSEPPE]

Where is he?

GIUSEPPE

[*Pointing to* GIOVANNI]

There! Come on!

[*They rush joyfully toward* GIOVANNI.]

GIUSEPPE AND LISETTA

Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

[*Embracing them*]

'Seppe! Little Lisa mine!

GIUSEPPE

Free! Free on festa day!

LISETTA

[*Hugging* MARIA]

God bless thee, sister!

MARIA

[*Kissing her*]

Aye! So he has!

GIUSEPPE

I told thee so, Mari',
The good American would save him too.

GIOVANNI

American?

GIUSEPPE

[*Pointing toward the tent*]

In yonder. Aye, he told us.

[*Seeing* SANDRO *come from the tent, he calls:*]

Heigh, Sandro!

LISETTA

[*Also calling and beckoning*]

Papa Sandro!

GIUSEPPE

Come! He's free! —
Giovanni!

SANDRO

[*Hurrying over*]

Saints and mass! 'Tis him! —

[*With blubbering gladness, he hugs and kisses* GIOVANNI *and* MARIA.]

My boy!
My girl — my boy!

GIOVANNI

[*Patting him*]
Good Papa!

MARIA

He's come back.

SANDRO

[*Holding him by both hands, looking at him*]
Eh, thou's grown lean, Giovann'; we'll fat thee up!
Go, 'Seppe, borrow twenty soldi: Wine!
Cakes! Festa!

[*Calling to the crowd that begins to come forth from the tent*]

Ho! Hallo! Come see our boy, Giovanni!

[*At* SANDRO's *call, a crowd of young people come running and throng round* GIOVANNI, *shaking his hands and hailing him joyfully.*]

THE CROWD

Giovanni! Viva Giovanni! 'Vanni!

GIOVANNI

Heigh, fellows, girls, halloa! Thank you, my friends!

How good and fair you stand in the sweet sun!
God be with you, and April! Now, good-by,
For I am tired and strange, and the bright day
Dazzles my eyes.

[*He turns away.*]

THE CROWD

No! No! — Stay! Stay!

SANDRO

'Tis festa!

GIOVANNI

Festa, 'tis not for me, dear friends. I'm strange
And tired and will go home.

THE CROWD

No! No!

THE WINESHOP-KEEPER

Aha!
He hides his face, the jail-bird!

GIUSEPPE

[*Leaping at him*]

So! I'll break
Thy head, for that!

LISETTA

[*Screaming*]

Giuseppe!

THE WINESHOP-KEEPER

Bah!

[*They struggle together and are separated. Amid the commotion,* MARIA *leads* GIOVANNI *away toward the left.*]

MARIA

Don't mind.

[*As* GIOVANNI *turns away, wearily*]

Wait yet! The American — he's coming there;
Let's stay and see.

[*On the church steps they pause;* GIOVANNI, *sinking down, buries his face in his hands. Beside him,* MARIA, *standing, looks toward the tent where* SCAMMON *comes forth carrying his great hat. The hat is now filled with little images of the liberty-statue. These he takes out by the handful and tosses among the people, as he comes forward, singing:*]

SCAMMON

Mascots! Mascots!
This one, that!
Put 'em in your pocket,
Pin 'em in your hat!

Mascots! Mascots!
Santa Libertà!
See the little saint who comes
From America!

Luck and opportunity,
Liberty, immunity,
All may have who pray to her.
Simply shout *Hurray* to her!
Ha! ha! ha!
Santa Libertà!

THE CROWD

[*Catching the little images and waving them*]

Ha! ha! ha!
Santa Libertà!

[GIOVANNI *has started up in excitement and speaks half to* MARIA, *half to himself:*]

GIOVANNI

Liberty,— Opportunity — those words!

[*Staring at one of the images*]

And see — her lifted torch! her brow of thorns!

[SCAMMON, *surrounded by the crowd, mounts upon one of the tables.*]

SCAMMON

A show! A show!
Give all folks a show!
Big, small, high, and low,
To each what he'd ought to!
Nothing to no man:
That's my motto!
Boys, I'm the show man:
How did it go? —
Some lively?

THE CROWD

[*With laughter*]
Oh! Oh!

SCAMMON

Too lively?

THE CROWD

No! No!

SCAMMON

Just lovely?

THE CROWD

Yes! Yes!

SCAMMON

A great show, I guess!
Then, hearkee, my children: before I go,
I'll tell you a story.

GIOVANNI
[*To* MARIA]
Come nearer.

SCAMMON
Presto!

[*Inverting his great hat, now empty, upon the table, he seats himself on its crown.*

Here he smiles down on their upgazing faces, and holds them spellbound by his gestures.]

At the end of the rainbow, you've all been told,
Lies buried a wonderful pot of gold:
(But maybe you don't believe it!)
The King of the West, when he buried it there,
Says he: "In this spot no dog will dare
To dig up my pot to thieve it!"

Now the King of the East was a merry cuss,
And so was his cousin, Sir Co-lum-bus:
(Though maybe you don't believe me!)
And Americus said: "Columbus, friend,
I can smell a pot at the rainbow's end,
If my nose it don't deceive me!"

So west they sailed on the ocean blue;
It was Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two:
(If my horoscope don't heave me!)
And for each good fellow that follows his nose,
In the west a pot of gold still grows.—
Go and look, if you don't believe me!

SANDRO
[*Staring*]

A pot of gold!

A PEASANT

His oats are sorrel!

ANOTHER

It's a fairy tale!

SCAMMON

Aye! With a moral!

The pot is *Opportunity* —
The gold inside is *Liberty* —

GIOVANNI
[*Excitedly to* MARIA]

You hear! You hear him!

SCAMMON

So I say —

Come away
To my land of milk and honey:

Hives of happy
Humans humming,
Live and sappy
Milching money!
Business drumming,
Drones becoming
Bossing drivers,
Up-and-alivers
Of all ages
Whooping hearty;
Every party
Spending wages!—
Each poor man he
Has his palace:
Ribbons for Annie,
Rings for Alice!
Every pay-day
Like a May-day
Morn is spent there,
Gay as crickets
Chirping hey-day.—
Come, your tickets!
In the tent there!
Pack your staples!
Buy your tickets,
Straight from Naples

To the land of
Luck and liberty —

NOEL

[*Coming forward*]

Flibberty-gibberty!
Take your hand off!

SCAMMON

What's that?

NOEL

Gammon!
That's your game, sir:
Fuddle 'em, foozle 'em,
Blind, bamboozle 'em,
Lie in wait and
Toss your bait and
Land your salmon!

SCAMMON

All the same, sir —

NOEL

Mark you, Scammon!
That land you mock, America,
Is dear to me — my mother-land;
And I, who love her, know too well
Her bitter fight with prowling greed
And hungry want by her own hearth,

To save the children at her knees!
Yet they who clamor round her doors —
The wandering children of the world —
She welcomes still, but not unwarned:
" Come with your sorrows! Come! " she cries,
" But come not blinded to the truth: —
The woes you fly await you still.
Not mine, not mine, the promised land!
Beyond it lies, beyond — for all
Who seek to follow — still afar."

[*While* NOEL *has spoken,* SCAMMON *has dispatched into the tent one of his page-boys, who returns, bringing him the painting of Maria.* GIOVANNI *now springs forward and shows his tickets to* NOEL.]

GIOVANNI

Signore! Why, then, give us these?

NOEL

[*Looking in surprise*]

It was not I.

GIOVANNI

Not *you?*

SCAMMON

[*Interrupting*]

No, no,

My friend, 'twas I who gave you those.
This fellow, he would like to keep
Your sweetheart *here*.

GIOVANNI
[*Starting*]
Maria? — Him!
[*Turning to* MARIA]
You said — the good American!

MARIA
I meant — the other one.

SCAMMON
Excuse me!
I know this fellow. He likes to paint
Your sweetheart. Look!
[*He shows the painting to* GIOVANNI, *who gazes at it, astonished.*]

GIOVANNI
Maria — thou!
[*To* NOEL]
You painted this?

NOEL
[*Nodding toward* SCAMMON]
For him — to steal.

SCAMMON

When you were there in prison, he
Passed time with her.

GIOVANNI

[*Disturbed*]

Aha!

MARIA

Signor'
Noel was kind to us.

GIOVANNI

[*With vague suspicion*]

Aha?

NOEL

[*To* GIOVANNI]

I painted her,— a rough sketch, but

[*Handing it back to* GIOVANNI]

'Tis yours! All I have said is true.
I've warned. I have to say no more.

[NOEL *nods slightly, passes among the crowd and goes out.* GIOVANNI *stands looking at the painting.*]

MARIA
[*To* GIOVANNI]
What makes thee frown? He means us well.

GIOVANNI
[*Moodily hands the painting to* GIUSEPPE, *who stands near.*]
Aha! Yes, Yes.

SCAMMON
The tent is open;
Who comes for tickets?

GIOVANNI
Wait! Italians,
My townsfolk! We have lived together;
Together we have worked, and you
Have seen me go, like many more,
To prison, for our poverty:
And now I say — For me there is
No hope, no glad to-morrow here.
So I will go where this man tells
Of liberty and joy for all —
America! Maria, wilt
Thou go with me?

MARIA
[*Going joyfully to him*]
Giovanni, come!

GIOVANNI

[*Turning with her to the crowd*]

America! — Who'll come with us?

THE CROWD

[*Shout*]

America!

SCAMMON

Here comes your saint
To bless your passage.— Tickets, there!

[*From behind the tent, the float of the Liberty statue comes forth again, pulled by the donkeys, into the midst of the people. On its pedestal the page-boys stand holding out tickets, which are reached for by uplifted hands in the crowd.*]

THE CROWD

[*With a great shout*]

America! Santa Libertà!

CURTAIN

ACT SECOND

ACT SECOND

Sea-fog, dense and gray, obscures the scene. Out of the dimness issue mysterious sea-sounds; hoarse whistlings of steamboats, the tolling of a bell-buoy, chuggings and sharp hoots of tugs, the sucking water-noises of a ship in motion; recurrently, the harsh, deep blare of a fog-horn. Slowly a filtering dawn-light reveals the blurred outlines of a steerage deck, the prow of an ocean liner; huge stanchions and windlasses, smooched with mist, and beyond — out of the wash of gray air (on the right) — the bulging of upper cabins, with ladder stairs roped off. Now and again, from the obscure background loom ghostly shapes of water-craft, glimmer slant wings of sea-gulls. Half distinguishable, grouped on the deck, amid stacked bundles and boxes, hooded in shawls and outlandish gear — huddle the Immigrants. Unmoving, expectant, patient, their faces peer through the mists beyond the prow. There an American flag, blown backward rippling, gives token of the onward motion of the vessel.

In a group near the forward railing are SANDRO, MARIA, GIOVANNI, LISETTA, *and* GIUSEPPE. *The boy and girl are seated a little apart from the others, and between the deep blasts of the fog-horn, their young voices are heard singing to each other:*

LISETTA

A ship, a ship a-sailing!
Good-by, old griefs would bury us!
Good-by, old ache and ailing!
To fortunes fair
To fortunes fair
She'll ferry us.

Sail! sail!
I'll be her Mermaid.

GIUSEPPE

Blow! blow!
I'll be her Triton.

BOTH

Out of our prison of poverty
We sail to the fairyland of the free!

[*While they sing, the dawn light has increased in power, permeating the fog with glowings of faint color. Watching it, the*

Immigrants now move restlessly, and a deep-murmured "Ah!" passes from group to group, like a rustling of low wind.]

A Group on the Right

Morning! the morning!

A Group on the Left

Soon the shore!

[*Again the murmured "Ah!" breathes over all. Again the deep whistles and strange sea noises, out of the fog.*]

Giovanni

Maria, dost thou hear them round us —
The monsters of the ocean moaning?

Maria

Like lowing bulls they sound, Giovanni —
Old bulls that bellow in the pastures
At home.

Giovanni

They are the old-world dragons
Dying! Bad dreams, that follow after
And call in pain, and die in the fog there.

[*They watch and listen.*]

The Group on the Right

Harbor! The Harbor!

THE GROUP ON THE LEFT

Soon we'll land!

MARIA

[*After a pause*]

Hark — a bell tolling!

GIOVANNI

Lonely, lonely,

It called! I heard it call in prison.

[*With growing excitement*]

Ah, strange! for walls and floor and rafters
They made a misty ocean round me
In prison there, like now — and yonder!
I have been here before — but dreaming.
Then, then her great hand burst the fog-bank!

[*He springs to his feet.*]

Mari'! Mari'! Soon we shall see her!

[*He peers into the fog that begins to break.*]

MARIA

Who? Who, Giovanni?

GIOVANNI

[*Kneeling*]

The great Madonna!

[*Gazing where he points,* MARIA *sinks down beside him. Seeing their action, the other Immigrants thrill with an immense murmur, and sink also to their knees. Far up, a ray of morning has broken the mysterious background and, where it parts the fog, a colossal hand appears, holding a torch, touched by the keen radiance of day. Slowly like a garment the luminous fog sweeps backward to shoulder and limbs and torse, then wholly unveils — austerely beautiful — the Statue of Liberty.*]

THE IMMIGRANTS

[*Pointing and gazing in wonder*]

Ah! — Ah! —

[*Raising their arms as in prayer, they burst into song.*]

Mother holy! Mother holy!
You have led afar
Us the lone, the poor, the lowly
Pilgrims of your star.
By your bright and thorny brow,
By your lifted hand, whose light
Warned our wanderings through the night,
Bend and smile upon us now —
Liberty! America!

Mother holy! Mother queenly!
Khan and king and czar
Cast upon our hearts obscenely
Wrong and pain and war.
Yet in kraal and lonely moor
Camp and city, far winds blew
Dreams of those who died for you,
Dear redeemer of the poor —
Liberty! America!

Mother, hear us! Mother holy!
Homeless as we are,
Let us share your hearth, and slowly
Heal our pain and scar!
Give our dreaming power to do;
By our labor bless our bread;
Raise our birthright from the dead;
Make us flesh and blood of you,
Liberty! America!

[GIOVANNI *rises among the kneeling figures, and cries to them with exalted excitement:*]

GIOVANNI

Hosanna! We have looked upon her face!

We have touched the holy garments of our Dream,
And she has lifted up her gracious hand
And blessed us at her feet.— Our faith was true!
Hosanna, friends! Hosanna to our dream!

THE IMMIGRANTS

[*Getting to their feet with a great shout*]

Hosanna!

SANDRO

[*Jubilant*]

Now your little bundles, boys!
Come in, girls, in! And look ye leave behind
No pretty duds aboard.

MARIA

Giovanni, come!

[MARIA *and* GIOVANNI *go within. Gathering* LISETTA *and* GIUSEPPE *under his big arms,* SANDRO *pushes forward to the entrance of the steerage cabin — followed by the others, who disappear inside, murmuring with excitement.*

NOEL, *who has entered above from the upper cabin, looks down from the rail, then off in the fog.*]

NOEL

America, dear motherland of men,
Age after age lodestar of immigrants,
Hark to these peoples crying in the mist!
Here, where you loose your cities on the sea,
Leviathans of lightning — spire on spire,
Palace and hanging garden of the waves,
Whose spacious splendors house the lords of life —
Here, under all, cramped in their vitals, swarm
The seekers after life — the slaves of toil,
With hearts of yearning. O remember these —
And feed the awful hunger of their hearts!

[NOEL *goes off, above, as* GIOVANNI *and* MARIA *reënter from below.* GIOVANNI *carries a box on his shoulder,* MARIA *a bundle in her hand. They go toward the prow and put them down.*]

MARIA

[*Pointing off through a rift in the fog*]

Look there, Giovanni! Towers! — the golden towers!

GIOVANNI

God gives his heavenly city for our home:

New York — the new world, where all races meet
In brotherhood.

MARIA

So high, so fair, so strong!
The campaniles of the bright new world!
It must be all one great cathedral. See!

GIOVANNI

And my Maria dressed as she should be
To enter as a bride.— Come, where's thy veil,
For we will go together from the ship
To find a little chapel and a priest

MARIA

'Tis in the box.

GIOVANNI

Then open — put it on;
For there will be no holier day than this
In all our lives.

[*Beside them is a little traveling box. They bend together over it, and undo it.* MARIA *takes out a simple white veil.*]

MARIA

'Tis here, Giovanni.

GIOVANNI

Lift
Thy face, so!

[*He helps her put it on.*]

MARIA

[*Smiling up at him*]

Is it pretty?

GIOVANNI

If I saw
That smile in hell, I would be happy there.

[*He kisses her. Enter* SCAMMON, *from the lower cabin. He approaches them — a sheet of paper in his hand.*]

MARIA

[*To* GIOVANNI]

Where shall we go, after the chapel?

GIOVANNI

[*Gayly*]

Ah,
We'll find a little vineyard in the land
That nestles near those towers, and work,
Work, my Mari', in the fresh new-world fields
Together, and each festa day I'll buy thee
New gowns like a grand lady.

MARIA

And Lisett'! —
And wine-cakes too for Papa! —

GIOVANNI

Aye, Lisett',
'Seppe, and Papa Sandro — all! We'll live
Like crickets in the clover, all together!

SCAMMON

[*Grinning*]

Like crickets in the mowing-machine! — Hello!

[*With a laugh, he holds out his sheet of paper to* GIOVANNI.]

The immigration officer — he wants you.

GIOVANNI

Me?

SCAMMON

You.

GIOVANNI

Before we land?

SCAMMON

[*Nodding*]

You'll find him yonder.

GIOVANNI

Wait here, Maria.

[*He goes inside.*]

MARIA

[*Calling after him*]

Come back soon, Giovanni!

SCAMMON

[*Approaching her*]

A salt wind and a sunny voyage
Are paint and cream for the complexion!
The red, red roses, little sister,—
I see they're all in bloom this morning.

MARIA

Why do they send now for Giovanni?

SCAMMON

[*Smiling*]

Your veil, my dear, is so becoming!

MARIA

[*Growing anxious*]

Why do they want him? Tell me, tell me!

SCAMMON

Poor Johnny! Hi ho, 'tis a pity.—
You see, Giovanni's been in prison.

MARIA

Yes — yes?

SCAMMON

So, in America
The law, it says that if a fellow
Has ever served a time in prison —

MARIA

[*Tensely*]

Well, well?

SCAMMON

He must not pass the border.—
They will not let him land.

MARIA

Giovanni!
My God! You mean they will not let him
Enter your country?

SCAMMON

He's forbidden.

MARIA

[*Rushing toward the lower cabin, is stopped by* SCAMMON.]

Giovanni! Let me go! Giovanni!

SCAMMON

Hold on! Don't run and make a noise there.

You'll only make it worse for Johnny
If you go talking.— Wait, and listen!
You let me fix it.

MARIA

How can you help us?
Why did you never tell us yonder
In Italy?

SCAMMON

Your friend the artist —
How could I know that he would blab it,
Giovanni's secret?

MARIA

What! He told them —
Signor' Noel?

SCAMMON

Who else! — The devil
Fetch him! — But leave it all to me, now!
Sure, it may take a little time to
Deport him back to Naples —

MARIA

[*Breathlessly*]
Naples!

SCAMMON

A month, say — Then we'll plan it better
Next time he crosses. In the meanwhile —

Look! do you see the city shining?
Yonder I have a cozy lodging
Where you can wait for him, and rest you
After the voyage —

MARIA
[*Appalled*]
And let Giovanni
Go back alone!

SCAMMON
You'll have to stay here;
You've got no ticket.

MARIA
[*Beseechingly*]
Give me another;
Let me go back with him!

SCAMMON
My kiddie,
In Italy, you said you'd do me
A little favor.— You've forgotten?

MARIA
[*Aloof*]
No; I remember.

SCAMMON
Then I'll ask it:

[*He approaches her with insidious gallantry.*]

Red, red lip
And a smile to snare,
Trailing slip
Of black, black hair,
Charming tip
Of chin in the air,
Curving hip,
Glance like a whip,
Tang and flare
Of a tacking ship —
Sure, for a sip
Of your wild-wine savor! —
Red, red lip,
Rose mouth rare,
Do me fair
One little favor!

MARIA
[*Drawing back*]

I do not understand, sir.— What?

SCAMMON

One little favor!
This:

Just for the flavor —
Kiss!

[*He seizes her suddenly and kisses her. She staggers back with a sharp cry.*]

MARIA

Ah! Ah! Maria Virgin, he has lied!
God! He has spat upon our holy dream!

[*On the upper deck* NOEL *appears. He springs down the ladder, as* SCAMMON *presses closer to* MARIA, *who stares at him, dazed.*]

SCAMMON

Eyes, dark eyes,
And girl behind them,
You drive a fellow
Drunk, to look
Deeper, deeper
Through the lashes!
What's a veil for?
Lift it, kiddie,
For another
Kiss to —

[*He takes hold of her veil. With a scream, she tears it fiercely off, and holds it away from him.*]

MARIA

Ha!
Not that!

NOEL

[*Seizing* SCAMMON *by the shoulders, flings him back.*]

Once more!
Once more you scatter poison in your trade.

SCAMMON

So-ho, there! — You are in this Jack-pot, too?
You're beat, my boy. I hold four aces here.
The scoop is mine.

NOEL

[*Pointing to the cabin door*]

Go!

SCAMMON

[*With an ugly glance*]

Bluff! She's mine, I say!

[*He moves toward* MARIA. NOEL *intervenes. They seize each other and struggle. With strong clutch,* NOEL *overpowers* SCAMMON, *hurling him on the deck.*]

NOEL

Poor crawling bunkum!

SCAMMON

[*With bravado, rising*]

I'll show you aces yet!

[*He goes off.* MARIA, *who has gazed at the struggle, bewildered, goes now to* NOEL *passionately — as a child.*]

MARIA

Giovanni — they will take him from me. Help us!

NOEL

Be calm, my dear. Now tell me: What has happened?

MARIA

He said Giovanni cannot go ashore
Because he was in prison. 'Tis your law,
He said.— Oh, is it a lie?

NOEL

[*Gravely*]

It is the law.

MARIA

No, no! But see — the towers! The tall bright towers
Beautiful there! How can he leave them now!
Help us, signore!

[*She clings to him.*]

NOEL

I will try, dear child.

[*He puts his arms protectingly about her.* GIOVANNI *enters downcast. Seeing them, he starts and pauses, staring.*]

GIOVANNI

The dream — it fades. Ah, fog and ocean bell
Lonely, lonely, they call!

MARIA

[*Seeing him, gives an eager cry.*]
Giovanni!
[*She hastens toward him.*]

GIOVANNI

[*Darkly*]
Ha!
Where is your veil?

MARIA

[*Not heeding*]
The good signore, he
Has come to give us comfort.

GIOVANNI

In his arms.

MARIA

[*Pausing at his strange look*]

He came —

GIOVANNI

[*With a kindling glance at* NOEL]

He came before — the good signore!

MARIA

He will not let them keep you.

GIOVANNI

[*Quickly*]

So you *knew!*

MARIA

He knows about — the prison.

GIOVANNI

He knows *well,*

I see!

MARIA

[*With coming tears*]

Giovanni, courage!

[*She moves to embrace him. He draws back, speaking sharply.*]

GIOVANNI

Where's your veil?

MARIA

[*Reassuringly*]

Ah, no! I did not let him touch it.

GIOVANNI

No?

You took it off first!

MARIA

[*Pointing to the veil*]

There.

GIOVANNI

[*Approaches her, his eyes gleaming.*]

A kiss? To give

A kiss, ah?

MARIA

[*Quivering*]

Yes.

[*She turns away and takes up the veil.*]

But now — forget!

GIOVANNI

Forget!

[*He bursts into harsh laughter.*]

Aha! Forget — forget he kissed my bride,
The *good* signore!

MARIA
[*Appalled*]
No!

NOEL
[*To* GIOVANNI]
You have mistaken —

GIOVANNI
Mistaken, *much* mistaken! — Yes, my God,
I will forget.

MARIA
[*Trying to make him listen*]
Not him! — It was the other.

GIOVANNI
Yes, yes — forget — a veil torn off, a kiss,
A friend betrayed to prison, a dear bride
Consoling, ah, a *good* signore —

MARIA
[*Wildly*]
Stop!
Giovanni, hear me! — Scammon, it was Scammon!

GIOVANNI
Aye, Scammon, Scammon! Long ago he told me
How it would be.

[*To* NOEL]

You painted well, signore!
Upon her knees you painted her — so lovely,
Praying, in tears! I kept your painting.— See!

[*Pointing at* MARIA, *who has sunk upon her knees, clutching him.*]

Still, still she prays.

MARIA

Giovanni, hear me, hear me!

NOEL

[*To* GIOVANNI]

Wait! You are wrong — most wrong!

GIOVANNI

Wrong, yes! but now
I will be right. I will forget — forget
You are the good signore, such great artist
American — and me, and me, a jail-bird
Caged in the rotting dark, with a dead dream
To fill my nostrils. See now! Even a jail-bird
Can venture to salute a grand signore
And strike his proud false face —

[*Crumpling* MARIA'S *veil in his hand, he strikes* NOEL *on the face.*]

— like *so!*

[*There is silence — breathless.* NOEL *stands immovable and calm; his eyes gaze straight before him.* MARIA, *still on her knees, with lifted hands, watches fearfully.* GIOVANNI, *who has recoiled, looks at him, slowly awed.*]

NOEL

[*Quietly, after a pause*]

Giovanni,
The lie of Scammon struck that blow — not you.

[*He looks at* GIOVANNI *with gentleness. Slowly* MARIA *rises, and holds out her arms toward* GIOVANNI. *For a moment* GIOVANNI *stares from* NOEL *to* MARIA; *then with a great sob he goes to her arms.*]

MARIA

[*With tears*]

My boy bore too much pain.

GIOVANNI

His will be done!
God sent us both the good signore.

[*They turn to* NOEL, *about to kiss his hand, but he moves away with a faint smile.*]

NOEL

Come!
If I may give you proof I am your friend,
Follow me!

GIOVANNI

[*Following him, dazed*]

Where, signore?

NOEL

[*Pausing at the foot of the rope ladder*]

To my cabin.

MARIA

[*With a look of hope*]

The upper deck!

NOEL

[*To* GIOVANNI]

When Scammon comes to find you
Here in the steerage, I will hide you — yonder —

[*He points above.*]

In my own cabin, smuggle you to shore!
Here, put this coat around you.

[*He takes off his great coat, and throws it about* GIOVANNI. GIOVANNI'S *face lights with emotion. He turns and kisses* MARIA, *then follows* NOEL *up the ladder.*]

GIOVANNI

Still I am dreaming!

[*On the lower rungs, suddenly he is seized from below by* SCAMMON, *who enters through the lower cabin door.*]

SCAMMON

[*Stridently*]

Wake up, then!

MARIA

[*With a muffled cry*]

Ah, be quick!

SCAMMON

A smuggling game!

[*He is followed by an Official, and several men. Dragging down* GIOVANNI, *he points from him to* NOEL, *addressing the men.*]

Him there, and him!

[*The men seize both. The Official directs the men to handcuff them. From the other lower door,* GIUSEPPE *enters, followed by* SANDRO *and* LISETTA — *and soon by many others.*]

THE OFFICIAL

The immigrant — take care
Of this one! — You, the other fellow. Quickly!

NOEL

Who gave you orders, sir?

GIOVANNI

Let go!

GIUSEPPE

Heigh, there!
What's wrong?
[*Calling*]
Ho, Papa Sandro!

MARIA

Save him!

LISETTA

[*To* SANDRO, *rushing forward with* GIUSEPPE]
Come!

SANDRO

[*Bewildered*]
So — are we landing?

MARIA

Help!

[*The fog again is clearing. The Immi-*

grants begin to pour out of the doors upon the deck, hurrying with their bundles, calling to one another.]

THE IMMIGRANTS

Ashore! Ashore!

[GIOVANNI *is dragged away, gagged.* MARIA *fights fiercely with the men. Several hold her back.*]

MARIA

Ah, cowards! bullies! rats of hell! — My boy,
Give me my boy, Giovanni!

THE OFFICIAL

[*Pointing to* GIOVANNI *and* NOEL]

Take them in!

[*The men force them to the door.*]

NOEL

[*Calls to* MARIA.]

Take heart, child! I will bring him back to you.

SCAMMON

I'll keep you safely, kiddie, till he comes!

[NOEL *and* GIOVANNI *are forced within.*]

MARIA

Ah, Virgin! Save me, and Giovanni!

SCAMMON

[*Jubilantly*]

Aces!

[*He waves to her, tossing a kiss. As she cries out,* SANDRO, GIUSEPPE *and* LISETTA *surround her.*

The clearing fog begins now to reveal — though still vaguely — the outlines of the tall buildings of Manhattan, towering near by above the waters.

The Immigrants, staring and gesticulating in excitement, point to the shore, shouting in a chorus of great cries:]

THE IMMIGRANTS

The shore! New York! The city! Towers and towers!

The new world! Towers — towers of the new world!

CURTAIN

ACT THIRD

ACT THIRD

An alley in the slums of New York: a stifling night in midsummer. Dimly lighted, the squalid street swarms with forlorn figures — women in shawls, bare-headed; scant clothed children; men frowsy and listless; old and young restive with the heat. Bowed shapes slouch in dingy doorways; gaunt mothers, crooning, fan little babies; pale faces, in upper windows, gaze down panting. By gutters and littered steps, others are sleeping.

From the left foreground rises a tall building, disappearing in the dark above. Behind this a side-alley leads, left, off the scene. The main alley slants in shadow to the right background. Here, above the lower roofs, the glare of the city suffuses the night sky. Far up in the centre of this opening, glitters an electric sign — a stark advertisement, outlining in white light an image of the Bartholdi statue, beneath which blaze the words:

LIBERTY

STORAGE VAULTS

In the tall building, left, shadows of women,

seated with heads bowed sewing, are cast dimly from within through the dirty whitewashed panes. Under these windows a lead pipe with rickety faucet drips water to the gutter. Here at times a child or grown person drinks from the tap, or lets the water run on bare wrists and arms.

When the scene opens, there is little definite sound above the hum of the surrounding city, and the murmur of the restive people, who stand or move exhausted. By a heap of refuse, a woman — rocking her baby — sings faintly.

THE WOMAN

Lo-lo, by-lo, my bambino!
Papa bring a pretty candle,
Mamma make a little festa.
Lo-lo, by-lo —
[*She breaks off with a moan*]

SEVERAL WOMEN

Ah — ah!

A WOMAN

Look now, the pretty soul!

ANOTHER

Poor dear,
She'll bury him; the milk was bad.

A Girl

[*From an upper window, begins singing gayly to the popular Italian tune:*]

O Margueri' —

A Young Man

[*Below*]

Shut up, you there!
You make a fellow dream of home.

The Girl

[*More faintly*]

O Margueri'—

[*She stops wearily. By the side alley* Sandro *enters with* Giuseppe. *Both are worn-looking and despondent. They go to the door of the tall building and stop on the step.*]

Sandro

Here, 'Seppe, sit;
Our girls are late to-night.

Giuseppe

Lisett'
Is working overtime, she said.

Sandro

Too sick she is!

GIUSEPPE

God knows! They broke
The sweat-shop strike; she'd lose her job.

SANDRO

And me can get no job but sweat!

[*Mopping his brow*]

Sweat water by the gallon:—Saints,
To sweat some wine!

GIUSEPPE

This heat is hell.

SANDRO

Was twenty more died yesterday.

GIUSEPPE

Hardly my wages pay the rent
To house us in that rotten hole.

[*He starts up, with hands clenched.*]

O God, if I could kill something
To save Lisett'.

SANDRO

And poor Mari'!
They work too long, my little girls.
Hark!

[*A bell, with chimes, strikes the hour.*

SANDRO *rises, counting the strokes on his fingers.*]

Ten o'clock! Now they'll be coming.

[*The seated shadows, thrown on the panes, rise and disappear from the windows. Soon after, through the doorway come forth forlorn groups of young girls, who merge with the crowd and semi-darkness. Among them, inconspicuous, comes* MARIA *with her arms about* LISETTA, *who droops against her. Even in the half-light, their altered, pale looks are visible. As they come slowly out,* SANDRO *and* GIUSEPPE *move forward.*]

GIUSEPPE
[*Eagerly*]

Lisetta!

MARIA
[*With a gesture of warning*]
Hush.
[*Leading her gently*]
A little way,
Sister. 'Tis cooler out of doors.
[*With a stifled cry*]
Papa! she's fainted.

[*Supporting* LISETTA, MARIA *sinks down with her upon the steps, while* SANDRO *and* GIUSEPPE *hover above them.*]

SANDRO

Ha, my pet,
Look up: here's Papa.

GIUSEPPE

Hold her head
Lower.

MARIA

Fetch water! There — the tap.

[*She points to the faucet under the windows.* GIUSEPPE *hurries to it, fills his hollowed hands and returns.*]

Over her face!

[GIUSEPPE *dashes the water, hurries again to the tap, fills a tin cup — taken from his pocket — and comes back.*]

SANDRO

[*Weeping big tears*]

My pretty flower!
Lisett', my little humming bird!

[*Several persons come round them, dully curious.*]

A Man

Halloa, what's happened there?

A Woman

Oh, nothing;
Only another one — a girl.

Another Woman

What did they say?

Another

Her lungs! — the heat!

[*They disperse wearily.*]

Maria

[*Soothingly to* Lisetta]

So, so! She's looking up.

[*Holding the tin cup*]

Some water!
Drink, my Lisetta!

Lisetta

[*Sipping, she sits up and murmurs faintly.*]

Water — cool
Water! — Maria, listen!

[*She smiles, with a gesture mysterious.*]

'Seppe,
Be very quiet; listen! Dripping,
Dropping, dripping — can you hear it?

GIUSEPPE

I hear it, little one.

LISETTA

[*Beckoning*]

Ah, but lower,
Your heads down lower! — Papa, 'Seppe,
So: — softly! You might startle 'em. So!
Now peep between my fingers — yonder!

[*She nods toward the rickety faucet.*]

There, do you see?

SANDRO

I see a gutter-
Tap, and water dripping.

LISETTA

[*Joyfully*]

Dripping,
Dropping, dripping, from their mossy
Shoulders, under the almond blossoms!
See how they play behind the rainbows,
And slip their shining limbs through bubbles.
She swims so fast, he blows his sea-horn!
Aha, but he can never catch her
For all his splashing, for you see, dears,

[*She murmurs sadly:*]

They're made of stone — they're made of stone.

GIUSEPPE

[*To* MARIA, *his voice trembling*]

She means the Mermaid and the Triton!

LISETTA

[*Pensively*]

Boy of stone, girl of stone
Can never marry, can never marry.

[*Brightening*]

Don't mind, for they can play together.
And that's a secret.—'Seppe, dear,
I know your secret now.

GIUSEPPE

[*Hoarsely*]

What is it?

LISETTA

Don't tease. You made me pay my fine.
I cannot kiss you twice.— A boat!
A little boat with sails, with sails!
But, O — I found it out too late —
We sailed her the wrong way.

GIUSEPPE

How so?

LISETTA

We sailed her west, to find the pot
Of gold — but O, the sun had set
So dark, so dark: The great Madonna,
She could not tell us where to find it.
She told us we must sew and sew
Stitches and stitches, but the night
It used to be so hot, 'twas hard
Even to breathe.

SANDRO

[*Breaks down, blubbering*]
My babe! My babe!

LISETTA

You know, the great Madonna's house
It really is so dirty there
And cramped for room and little to eat
I'm sure she must be very poor.
But what you'll hardly quite believe —
The little children — never sing!

GIUSEPPE

O fire of hell! If I could throw
A bomb, and burst her rotten house
To pieces!

MARIA

Hush!

SANDRO

[*Weeping aloud*]

My darling bird!

LISETTA

Now, 'Seppe, Papa,— dears, don't cry!
Just wait — I haven't told the best!
The pot of gold — guess where it lay
All the long while!

MARIA

Where, dear?

LISETTA

'Twas hidden
Under the fountain, right at home!
So now, you see, our little boat —
We'll sail her home again! Come, 'Seppe!
Quick, Papa Sandro,— your guitar!
Play us " Rosella, Giovanniello! "
And sing it, Papa, while we dance
All on the deck.

SANDRO

[*Groaning*]

What shall I do?

MARIA

Play! Play! Pretend!

[*Drying his eyes with the back of his hand,* SANDRO *strikes a pose as if he were holding a guitar, and assumes a forlorn appearance of jollity.*]

SANDRO

[*Thrumming the vacant air with his fingers, sings:*]

O Rosella, Giovanniello!
Come away to San Quentino!
He is dancing down from heaven
Where his laughing angels are —

[*His voice grows husky; he stops singing but continues to thrum pathetically, his tears streaming down, while merry strains of the imaginary dance tune sound elusively in the night.*]

LISETTA

Dance with me, 'Seppe! How we sail,
And dance, and dance and sail!

SANDRO

[*Sings*]

Where his laughing angels are:
San Quentino he's a good fellow
When he twangs his sweet —

[SANDRO *breaks down; the dance tune ceases.*]

LISETTA

Don't stop!
Vineyards — the vineyards! Home once more!
So ever afterwards they lived
Happily — all together.

GIUSEPPE

[*To* MARIA]

Look!
Look! is she fainting?

MARIA

No, but tired.—
Her eyes they close. She'll sleep.

LISETTA

[*With shut eyes*]

Mari',
It is so cool to be at home.
At home, the water always drips,
The fountain children spout and play:
Dripping — listen! — dropping, dripping,
Cool, so cool!

SANDRO

[*Sobbing*]

Ah — ah!

MARIA

[*Motioning silence*]

She is

Asleep.

[*She takes* SANDRO'S *coat from under his arm, where he carries it, and lays it, folded, under* LISETTA'S *head.*]

We'll let her sleep outdoors.

She needs the air.

GIUSEPPE

[*Harshly*]

Air, air! A loaf

Of bread that breathes an oven's sweat

Breathes sweeter than my darling. Wait!

I'll go and see the good folks yonder

In the settlement, and ask if they

Will let her sleep upon their roof.

MARIA

That's right. Go with him, Papa. I'll

Wait for you here.

SANDRO

Don't leave her, child.

Sing low, and let the water drip —

Her little golden gutter-fountain!

Oh, Lord, the nights at home — the nights at home!

[*With* GIUSEPPE, *he goes off right, rubbing his eyes, and sniffling deep sobs.* MARIA *remains sitting on the steps, under a street lamp* — LISETTA *lying beside her. She smooths the young girl's dress about her, and caresses her brows, singing low:*]

MARIA

In the great Madonna's house
Are many doors:
Angels dark, angels bright,
Float by me down the candle-lighted floors.
But one in gray, who glides about,
Blows my candle out —
Blows my candle out,
Singing: *Rest!*
Little soul, rest!
Sleep is best.

[*She pauses, looking away wistfully; then resumes, more low:*]

In the great Madonna's house
Are day and night:
Fairies glad, fairies grim,
Water strange flowers with woe and with delight.

But one who wears a star of blue
Fills my cup with dew,
Fills my cup with dew,
Singing: *Rest!*
Little flower, rest!
Sleep is best.

[*Ceasing,* MARIA *sits staring before her, seeing only her thoughts. Thus she does not see where, among the forlorn denizens of the alley, a man, dressed in spruce white suit of silk and Panama hat, has entered and watched her. The man is* SCAMMON. *Before* MARIA *has ceased singing, he has spoken low to several among the people, pointing back along the alley. Following his gesture, some have already gone in that direction. Now he speaks to those remaining, and points again.*]

SCAMMON

Free drinks! Iced drinks around the corner!
A ricky in your lemonade!

[*Muttering, most of the people move off and disappear. The space near the steps where* MARIA *sits is deserted.*

SCAMMON *approaches her, but she neither sees nor hears. He bears himself jauntily, and has evidently had his snack of liquor. Peering toward her, he sings, puffing a cigar in his pauses.*]

I met her, mooning on the street
Down Broadway to the Bowery:
I stood my kid a fiver treat,
But she — she wouldn't stand for it —
Not she!
"Nothing doing! Nothing doing!"
The kiddie sang to all my cooing!

I told her: "Let's be moving on
Down Broadway to the Bowery.
Let's try a Nicolodeon!"
But she — she wouldn't wink at one,
Not she!
"Nothing doing! Nothing doing!"
It's all I won for all my wooing!

[*Standing in front of* MARIA, *he moves his hand across the line of her set gaze. Starting, she looks at him, with slow recognition.*]

MARIA

Scammon! You!

SCAMMON

That's *me!* Who else,
Kiddie? What did you take me for —
A Christmas angel off his beat,
Or a postcard Valentine?

[*He laughs, and puffs his cigar.*]

MARIA

[*Dully*]

What brings you?

[*Rising, stands over* LISETTA.]

Don't wake her — she's asleep.

SCAMMON

[*Looking closer, starts and changes his tone.*]

Lisetta!
Christ, how the pretty rose is wilted!
What do you let her look like that for?

MARIA

[*Grimly*]

Me let her —!

SCAMMON

Sure, it's all your doing.
I offered fair to set you *both* up
In town here, with a cozy lodging —
Lifts, call-boys, baths, electric lighting,

Park windows, jolly cool apartments,
And motor rides and theatre parties!
You turned me down.— What made you do it?

[MARIA *leans against the lamp-post, and looks penetratingly at* SCAMMON.]

MARIA

Both of us — ha!

SCAMMON

Yes, both. Oh, come now!
A bid like that ain't on the market
To go abegging. Gad, I've dealt in
You immigrants by dozens, hundreds! —
I never made a better offer:
Two sisters, guaranteed together.
Why don't you take me up?

MARIA

[*Bitterly*]

Together!
Lisetta mine!

SCAMMON

Look what you've made her!
She'll never fetch bids from another
Now. *You,* though — you have kept your flavor.

Maria, come away, I tell you,
And leave this stifling, stinking alley
For jolly sights and cool sea-breezes.

MARIA
[*Fiercely*]

Go, go, go! — Go now!

SCAMMON
[*With a laugh*]

Nothing doing,
Again! — Why then, so long, my dearie!

[*Tossing his cigar away, he lights a fresh one, and strolls leisurely away, glancing back at her, as he lilts his song again:*]

I lit myself a new cigar
Down Broadway to the Old Coquette.
Says I: "The drinks on *me* they are!"
But she, she wouldn't cross the bar —
Not yet!
"Nothing doing! Nothing doing!"
It's chew the rag, and keep on chewing.

[*As his song ceases in the dimness,* MARIA *sinks down again by* LISETTA, *with passionate cry.*]

MARIA

Giovanni! My Giovanni!

SCAMMON

[*Peering back, pauses and returns.*]

Beg your pardon!
Who are you waiting for?

MARIA

[*Deeply*]

Giovanni.

SCAMMON

So!
Then you'll have long to wait, my dear.

MARIA

May be;
Yet he will come — Giovanni. The good signore,
Noel, he said to me —" Keep heart, for I
Will bring him back to you."

SCAMMON

The good signore
Might be mistaken, kiddie. I heard news
This morning, at the immigration house.

MARIA

[*Starting up*]

About Giovanni? You have news of him?
Is — is he well?

SCAMMON

Now, kiddie, don't you cry.
Giovanni — he is dead.

MARIA

[*Slowly*]

Giovanni dead!

SCAMMON

In Italy.— He died of fever there
Last month. His friend, Noel, he buried him.

MARIA

Giovanni — dead!

SCAMMON

The case is changed, you see.
Giovanni dead, he cannot want you now.
You need not wait for him. A friend in time
Can take his place — save you and poor Lisett'.
My offer still holds good.

MARIA

[*Motionless*]

Giovanni — dead!

SCAMMON

No tears, my kid — that's gamey! So, by Gad,
A knockout punch and still you're in the ring!
You see now how it works: This rotten hole,
The sweltering night, the sweat-shop all day long,
The little sister wilting hour by hour —
You see now how this little hell can change,
All in a moment, to a happy time
Of rest, gay sights and coolness. So, my girl!
No gush! By God, but you're magnificent!
Your eyes they're shining lovelier in this alley
Than under your own olives, and you bloom
White as a lily from this pile of dung.
Now you are free, by Christ, I love you more
Than all your vineyard wines. My honey, look!

[*He shows, from his pocket, a great heap of greenbacks.*]

Here's stuff that's better than bright olive leaves:
Bills, bills,— green bills! they'll thatch your roof, my rose,
My sweet Mari'! I love you. Now you are free —

[*With sudden flash of steel,* MARIA *stabs him. He falls, with a low groaning.*]

Ah — Ah —

[*A pause of silence follows.*]

MARIA

[*Looking at him on the ground*]

Now I am free; yes, now. You said it, Scammon,
And I have made it so.

[*She glances at the knife; puts it back in her bosom, and looks at her hands.*]

The vineyard wines!
At home the grapes are spurting in the vats.—
They make our hands red.

[*She stoops and feels of the body.*]

When the pulp is crushed,
It lies so still, and throbs. The wine — the wine
Is pressed.— So still! Giovanni lies so still
Across the sea now. Ah, to lie with him!

[*At her side her hand touches the bundle of greenbacks; she lifts and stares at them, murmuring slowly:*]

Across the sea! — These, these can take me there!

[*Gathering and pressing them to her heart.*]

The bills — ah, " better than bright olive leaves! "
Home, home! Lisetta mine, thou shalt go home
To thy cool fountain.

[*She goes to* LISETTA *and bends over her.*]

Money, money! See:
The great Madonna she has sent us riches
To take us home together. Wake, my pet,
And I will show thee, waking, brighter dreams
Than sleep can show thee. Wake, my poor tired lamb!
Lisetta, wake! 'Tis sister; look, dear; wake!

[*She turns* LISETTA'S *face, pauses, and starts up with a shrill cry:*]

Lisetta!

[*She buries her face. Outside the voices of* GIUSEPPE *and* SANDRO *call excitedly:*]

GIUSEPPE

Heigh, Maria!

SANDRO

Ho, Mari'!

[*They enter, right, and hurry toward her.*]

GIUSEPPE

See what we bring you from the settlement.

[*Behind them in the dimness follow two others* — NOEL *and* GIOVANNI.]

GIOVANNI

[*Rushing forward*]

Maria!

MARIA

[*Gazing at him*]

No!

[*He embraces her. She droops against him, with a low sob.*]

Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

Now — till now!

Dear God, look down and see our happiness.

[*He holds her close to him, caressing.*]

SANDRO

And see — the good signore!

NOEL

[*Drawing* SANDRO *away*]

Hush — not now!

GIOVANNI

Noel, our friend — Noel has brought me home.

MARIA

[*Looking in his eyes*]

Home?

GIOVANNI

To thy heart.

MARIA

Home — home is in our dreams,
Not here.

GIUSEPPE

[*Looking where* LISETTA *lies*]

Is she asleep?

MARIA

[*Lifting her arms in prayer*]

O dear Madonna,
Give her cool sleep, and happy, happy dreams!
[*Turning to the others, she says, low and simply:*]
Lisett' is dead.

THE OTHERS

Dead!

GIUSEPPE

[*Falling beside her*]

Ah, no! My Lisetta!

SANDRO

[*Joining him there*]

Little one!

GIUSEPPE
[*To* NOEL]
Bring a doctor.

NOEL
[*At her side, shakes his head*]
'Tis too late.

GIUSEPPE
God, God!

SANDRO
Iddio!
[*They bow beside the body.*]

GIOVANNI
[*To* MARIA]
Dead! — When was this?

MARIA
Now.
She lay beside me, and I did not know.
[*Pointing*]
He came.

GIOVANNI
[*Peering*]
What's there — that body?

MARIA

That — was Scammon.

GIOVANNI

Scammon! Here!

[*Starting to look*]

Him, the scoundrel —

MARIA

Wait, Giovanni!

[*While she speaks, the body of* SCAMMON *stirs. Unseen by the others, furtively he raises his head, listens, then lowers it again.*]

Listen! The great Madonna on her brow
She wears a crown of rays, but they are thorns,
And we must wear them for her dear Son's sake,
Like her. I, too, have worn them in this land.
Ah, when we watched her from the mighty ship
Lifting her hand to bless the glad blue waves,
We did not know, Giovanni, how she would shine
Yonder! —

[*She points at the electric advertisement.*]

all twinkling in her cold white stars
To mock us, in this choking street of pain;
But so it is: her thorns — her thorns are sharp.

GIOVANNI

Maria —

Wait!

MARIA

[*Looking toward* SCAMMON]

He came, like her, to mock us,
To mock us with white clothes and cool sea winds,
Clean food and quiet rest and days of laughter,
Lisett' and me. He said how you had died
In Italy. He told us to come away
Together — leave the sweatshop, the hot night,
The labor all day long, and live with him,
Lisett', and me — together, ah, he bid
These — these —

[*She throws the bills scattering to the ground.*]

GIOVANNI

You! — then you killed him?

MARIA

[*Showing her knife*]

So! — with that.

GIOVANNI

[*Taking it*]

His blood still wet. My hands too! Mine be red!

[*He wipes the blade upon them; then turns to the body.*]

God! that I might have stuck you, swine, myself! Let's see if you be warm. Ha, look — it moves.

[*With a low groan,* SCAMMON *starts partly up, drags himself, and tries to stagger to his feet.*]

God praise! *I'll* give the blow.

SCAMMON

[*Shrilly*]

Help! Help! — Police!

GIOVANNI

[*Stabbing him fiercely*]

To hell!

[SCAMMON *falls dead. At his last cry, people flock back into the alley and look from the windows. Several scream and shout:*]

VOICES

Fight! fight! A fight!

[GIUSEPPE, *who has wildly followed* GIOVANNI, *seizes now the knife from his hand, and stabs the body of* SCAMMON *again.*]

GIUSEPPE

[*Madly*]

Let *me!* let *me!*

Kill more! more! Come, throw bombs and kill them all.

They kill our souls! They kill our souls!

VOICES

He's dead!

Murder! They're fighting! Knives! They're bleeding! Fight!

[*A police officer enters, blows a shrill whistle, and beats on the pavement with his club; then, confronted by* GIOVANNI, GIUSEPPE *and others of the people, hastens off.*]

GIOVANNI

[*Silencing them*]

People! my people! Hear me. I have killed him,

Scammon. Look — there he lies. You know him well.

VOICES

We know him, curse him! Scammon!

GIOVANNI

I have killed him,
The one who stole our hearts across the sea
To sell for *these* —

[*He crumples in his hands some of the greenbacks and scatters them. Some from the crowd seize them; others scramble and gather up those remaining on the ground.*]

VOICES

Ha, money! Grab the money!

GIOVANNI

Take it, yes, take the devil's price! for he
Has paid you for your souls, and you are poor.
I hold a better bargain in my hands.—
Look here: his blood! For this — for this I came
Across the seas! *This,* friends, is Liberty!

VOICES

Liberty! Viva!

GIOVANNI

[*Pointing to the electric sign*]

Santa Libertà!
Behold her there! Pray to our saint, my people,
My people wandering in the promised land!

Is she not glorious in this summer night —
Her starry robe, her frosty jeweled crown?
Is it not fair, this shrine where we must kneel?
Are we not happy, we, to worship her?

[*The crowd stares upward and murmurs savagely.*]

Look round you, friends. Once, under almond trees,
I saw your faces in the April noon.
Still, still, those faces in the August night —
I know them — ah, but would they know themselves?
Look round you: Here, *here* is our Promised Land!

THE PEOPLE

[*With a great growl of rage*]

Down with the Promised Land!

GIOVANNI

Ha! you begin
To feel, to think! But who are you, are we,
To feel and think? You are not men, with hearts
And minds and passions. You are cogs and wheels,
Cogs, wheels and levers in the great machine —
The roaring soul-machine, America.

You cogs and wheels, who owns the great machine?

[*The People murmur again savagely.*]

Is it, then,— God? Ah, God, dear friends, His world
Is sweet and small: He grows in little things
No bigger than a poor man's heart.— What, then?
If God is prisoned in a poor man's heart,
Who is it makes a cog and wheel of *Him?*
Who is it mocks the eternal God and tries
To crush his life-blood in a blind machine?

THE PEOPLE
[*Growing wilder*]

Who? Show him! Who?

GIOVANNI

Who made you what you are
Of what you were? Who put you in this slum
To rot at soul and die in body here?

THE PEOPLE
[*Fiercely*]

Scammon! Ha, Scammon!

GIOVANNI

Scammon, and I killed him!
Did I do well?

THE PEOPLE

Viva Giovanni!

NOEL

[*Stepping through the crowd*]
Friends!
Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

You, Noel?

NOEL

Scammon is dead;
But if you killed a thousand Scammons, still
A thousand thousand would survive him.

GIOVANNI

How?
Where?

NOEL

In that little place where God is growing:
Poor man — his heart.

GIUSEPPE

[*Fiercely*]
Scammon! Revenge on all
Like Scammon!

NOEL

We are all like Scammon, boy —
The less or more, who knows?

GIOVANNI

[*Impatient*]

Shall we not break
The foul machine he served?

NOEL

Yes, break it, break it
As a hatching bird its shell — *from the inside.*

[*A shrill whistle sounds from the right.*]

GIOVANNI

Friends, the police! Who'll fight them with me?

GIUSEPPE

I!

THE PEOPLE

Fight them! Fight them!

MARIA

[*Rushing to his side*]

Brave Giovanni mine!

[*A squad of police throng in, clubbing.*

The people scream and shout. Some fall and others flee; a crowd of them fight with knives and sticks.]

AN OFFICER

Strike! Clear the street, there! Take him! There's the man!

[GIOVANNI *is seized by one of the police, but fells him, and leaps upon a wooden stoop above the crowd,* MARIA *climbing beside him.*]

GIOVANNI

Police!

THE PEOPLE

[*Shout*]

Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

Officers!

AN OFFICER

Wait! Hear him.

GIOVANNI

You are the angels of the Promised Land.

[*Pointing to the sign*]

The great Madonna — look! She laughs — she laughs!

THE PEOPLE

[*With a great shout*]

Down! Down! Police! Fight! Fight!

[*An officer shoots — the people fall back, break away and run indoors.* GIOVANNI, MARIA, GIUSEPPE *and others are seized.*]

THE OFFICER

To prison with them. On, there!

THE PEOPLE

[*Groaning and hissing from the windows*]

Prison! Prison!

GIOVANNI

With *you,* Mari'!

MARIA

Together now, Giovanni!

[*They are dragged out together. The street is left almost deserted. Only beside the body of* LISETTA, *bowed over,* SANDRO *prays dumbly. By the body of* SCAMMON *two officers stand on guard, in the dimness. Between the two bodies, stands* NOEL. *He gazes after* MARIA *and* GIOVANNI, *then looks upward toward the glittering electric image.*]

NOEL

In misery together! — O Liberty,
When will you cease in darkness to destroy
The souls that seek you?

THE END

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